

WINTER
ISSUE
No.17

BLACKHAWK



10¢

**PREPARES
for
ACTION!**



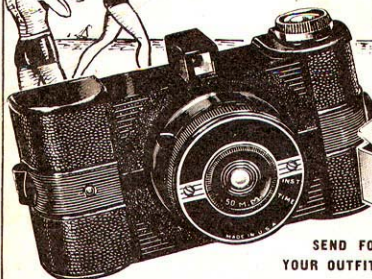


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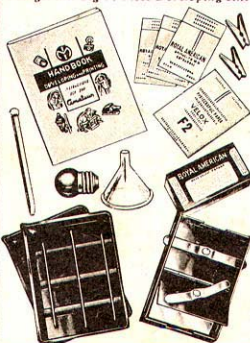
THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. **THE DEVELOPING KIT** consists of

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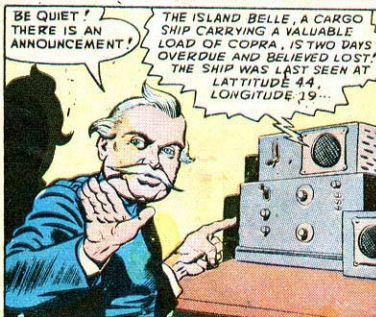
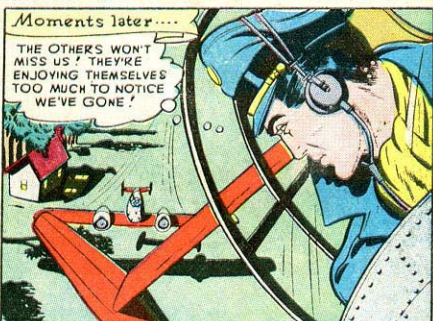
☐ I enclose \$1.38 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money back guarantee offer.

BLACKHAWK

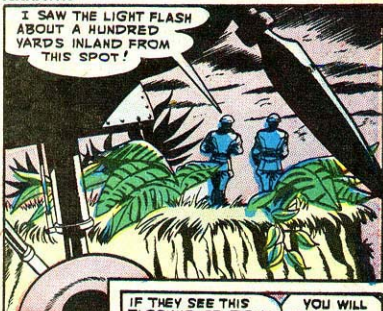
Men from many lands,
gathered into a fighting
squadron unequalled
anywhere in the world!
These are **THE BLACKHAWKS!**
And they are making history
spelling it out in the heat
of their blazing guns!
But sometimes the history
were better unrecorded,
when it strikes at the
heart of one of the
BLACKHAWKS!

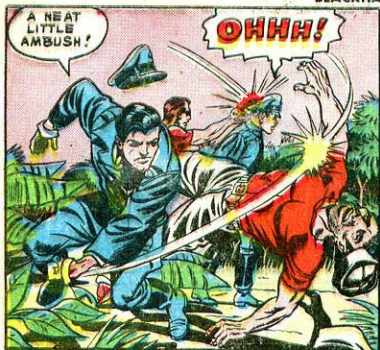


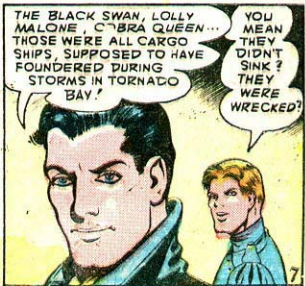




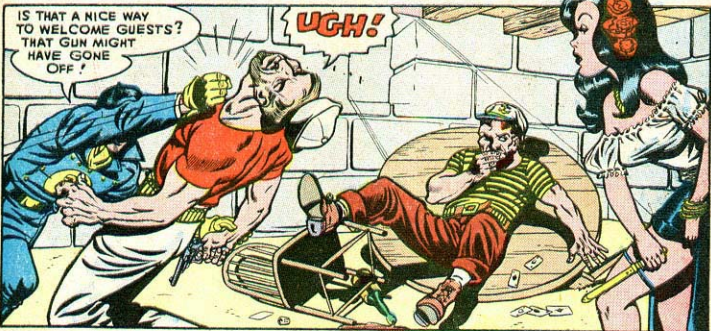


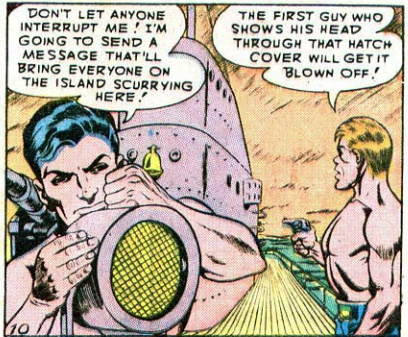
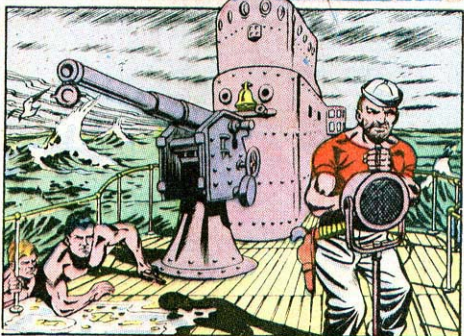
















I--I'VE SHOT MY BOLT! BETTER... THIS WAY! HE WILL...NEVER KNOW HE WAS... MY SON...

YOUR SON!

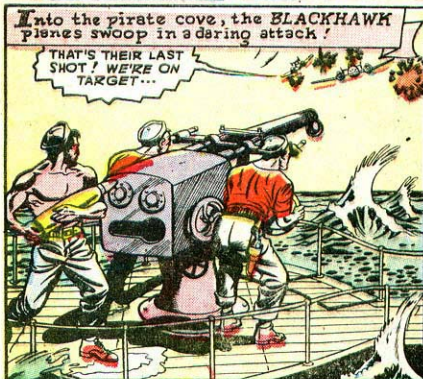


THE LOCKET! I NEVER NOTICED THE RESEMBLANCE BEFORE! WITHOUT THAT BEARD, HE *COULD* BE CHUCK'S FATHER!



WHAT HAPPENED?

SHE KILLED HERSELF JUST AS I CAUGHT UP WITH HER! WE'D BETTER GET TO THE PLANES BEFORE THOSE MEN START COMING BACK!



Into the pirate cove, the **BLACKHAWK** planes swoop in a daring attack!

THAT'S THEIR LAST SHOT! WE'RE ON TARGET...



THAT'S THE FINISH OF THE PIRATE NEST! THE OTHERS ON THE ISLAND CAN'T ESCAPE WITHOUT THE SUBMARINE! IT'LL BE EASY TO ROUND THEM UP LATER!



THIS LOCKET BELONGS TO CHUCK! BUT SOMEDAY HE MIGHT SEE THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN HIS FATHER AND THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF WILSON! IT'S BETTER THAT HE NEVER KNOW!



Sometimes the history is better unrecorded when it strikes at the heart of one of the **BLACKAWKS!**

BLACKHAWK



Even Fear knew fear! The curse of angry ancient Gods threatened North City—and glamorous Fear, former ally of the BLACKHAWKS, was not enough to avert the danger...until the world's greatest team of fighters for freedom arrived to help!

Between Adventures... the Blackhawk Squadron approaches the landing field at North City...



WHY DO WE LAND HERE, BLACKHAWK?

WE'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE... AND WE NEED A REST!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF FREEDOM! THERE'S SOMETHING IN NORTH CITY TO INTEREST EVERY ONE OF YOU--MEET ME LATER AT THE HOTEL PIERRE!

EN EFFET! ZIS EEZ ZE GRAND PLAISIR!



But, soon...

WAIT, CHUCK! BEFORE YOU BAN HIRE DAS BOAT! DAS HANSON YOCKEY BAN TALK TO US!

YOU WITH THE BLUE UNIFORMS! YOU'RE WANTED AT ONCE!



FOR YOU, KENDRICKSON, ZE GRAND BIFSTEK! AND FOR ME--ANDRE--MAAM...

FOR BOTH OF YOU, THIS HANSON CAB! THE DRIVER SAYS IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



LOOK SEE, STANISLAUS! MUSEUM... WE SPEND TIME, LEARN SOMETHING, YES?

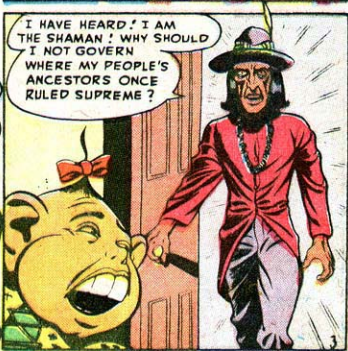
HEY, YOU TWO! COME WITH ME AND HURRY! WE HAVE TO GO AT A GALLOP!



WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES CALLED BACK, OLAF! THERE'S CHOP CHOP!

AND ANOTHER HANSON CAB COMES--WHAT, JUMPEE UP?







MY PEOPLE KNOW MANY STRANGE SCIENCES --- A SECRET POWER INFORMED ME OF THIS LITTLE COUNCIL AGAINST OUR RIGHTFUL CLAIMS!

BE THAT AS IT MAY, IT'S A **PRIVATE COUNCIL!** YOU WEREN'T INVITED!



I INVITED MYSELF, MISS FEAR! I ENJOY HEARING LIES AND INSULTS ABOUT ME --- BECAUSE THEN I CAN PUNISH THEM! SUPPOSE THE CURSE OF MY GODS FALLS UPON YOU AND THESE BLUE-CLAD STRANGERS?

BY YIMINY, AY BAN THROW DAS GUY OUT!



THROW ME OUT? DID I NOT SAY WE NATIVES KNOW MANY STRANGE SCIENCES?

YUMPIN' YUPITER!



COME BACK HYAR! AY BAN SHOW YOU!

THAT WAS BUT A MILD WARNING! PROFIT BY IT, ALL OF YOU!



HE WASN'T SMART, OLAF... JUST A DIRTY FIGHTER! NEXT TIME YOU'LL TAKE HIM! BUT HOW DID HE KNOW WHAT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT IN HERE?

THE SHAMAN USES MODERN GADGETS AS WELL AS ANCIENT MAGIC! SOME SPY MUST HAVE TIPPED HIM OFF TO THIS CONFERENCE ROOM---AND HE PLANTED A DICTAPHONE HERE!



SO IT ISS! NOT BLACK MAGIC, AFTER ALL!

WHATEVER YOU'VE STARTED, WE'LL FINISH, FEAR! THIS SHAMAN'S THREATS ARE ONLY AN INVITATION TO THE BLACKHAWKS!



Hours later, as dusk settles over the hills beyond North City...

HERE'S THE OLD FORT--
AND LIGHTS IN THE
WINDOW!

VISITORS, EH?
UNINVITED, EH?
VERY WELL!



THIS I CALL
THE THIMBLE
OF DEATH!

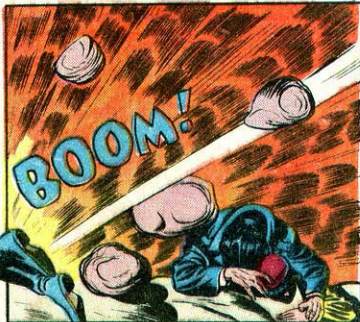


WHAT...

HE THREW SOMETHING!
QUICK! UNDER THE SHELTER
OF THIS LITTLE WALL!



BOOM!



GREAT SHAMAN,
DID THE SPIES
ESCAPE?

FROM THAT WRECKAGE?
NOT SO...OUR GODS
PUNISH THOSE OF OUR
ENEMIES WHO DARE
APPROACH!



PILE ON WOOD! FIRE WILL DESTROY
THE LAST TRACE OF THEIR BODIES!
NOW, BACK TO OUR
COUNCIL!



But BLACKHAWK soon returns to his senses....



WHAT A POUNDING!
FEAR... ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

SO SMALL A MISSILE,
BLACKHAWK... AND SO
GREAT AN EXPLOSION!
WHAT DOES ZIS
TELL US?

THAT MUCH BOOM IN
A TINY PACKAGE CAN
MEAN ONLY **ATOMIC
POWER**... USED BY
THE SHAMAN AND
HIS NATIVES!



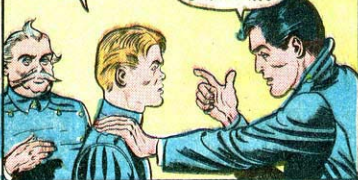
YOU'RE BLEEDING,
BLACKHAWK! YOU
KEPT THE STONES
FROM ME WITH YOUR
OWN BODY! DO YOU
FEEL LIKE FIGHTING
NOW?

VERY MUCH LIKE FIGHTING!
BUT THIS WILL TAKE WITS
AS WELL AS FISTS!
LET'S RETURN TO OUR
FRIENDS!



IMPOSSIBLE! EVERY
SOURCE OF ATOMIC
ENERGY IS UNDER
AMERICAN
CONTROL!

CHUCK, YOU'VE HIT ON IT!
THERE MUST BE A URANIUM
DEPOSIT IN THIS DISTRICT...
UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD...
BUT **FOUND BY THE
SHAMAN!**



THAT EXPLAINS HOW
TWO GOVERNORS DIED
AND LEFT NO RECOG-
NIZABLE REMAINS...
THEY WERE BLOWN
OUT OF EXISTENCE!
SO MUCH FOR THE
SHAMAN'S CLAIM OF
MAGIC POWER AND
THE RIGHT TO
RULE!

DAS
SHAMAN
BAN
THIEF...
TRAITOR...
KILLER!
COME, WE
FIGHT HIM
SOME
MORE,
YA?

BUT WE
CAN'T
RUSH
HIM...
NOT WHEN
HE KNOWS
AND USES
SUCH A
DEADLY
WEAPON!

BLACKHAWK'S RIGHT!
THE SCIENCE OF
DEATH KNOWN BY THE
SHAMAN HAS MADE
THE IGNORANT
NATIVES FEAR AND
FOLLOW HIM! AN
OPEN ATTACK
MIGHT BE THE
DEATH OF US
ALL!

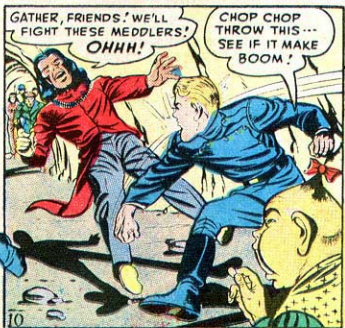
WE MUST DO
SOMETHINGS...
BUT **VOT?**

CHOP
CHOP
TALKEE
ONE
PIECE!



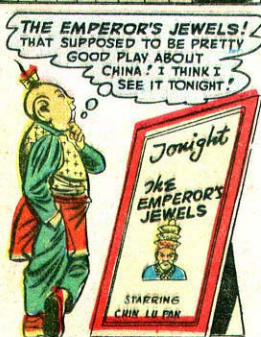
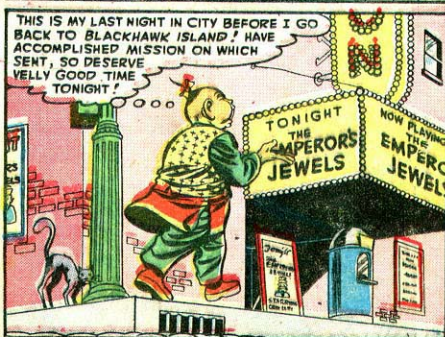


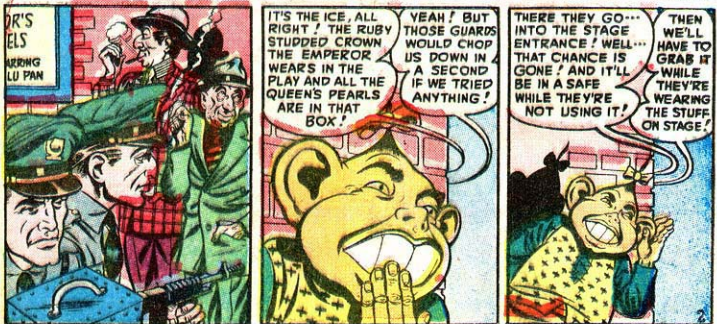
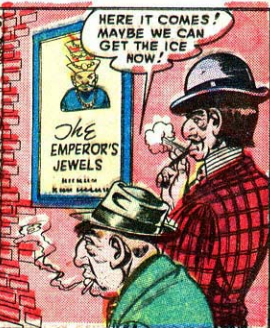






CHOP CHOP





BLACKHAWK

UNLESS EARS DECEIVE ME,
AM LISTENING TO PLAN
FOR ROBBERY!

YOU MAKE VELLY INTERESTING
PLANS! SHOULD TELL POLICE
ABOUT SAME!

WH...WHAT..?





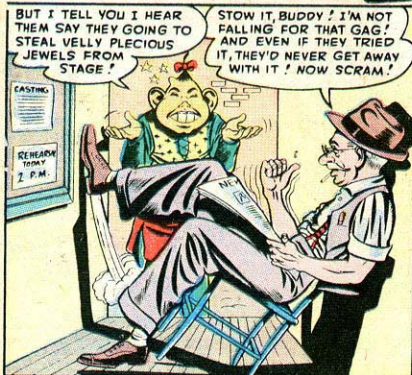
OW! HEAD HURT!
SOMETHING MUST
HAVE HAPPENED!



REMEMBER NOW! CROOKS
GOT AWAY! CHOP CHOP VELLY
FOOLISH TO TURN BACK ON
ONE WHILE SOCKING
OTHER!



MUST GIVE WARNING ABOUT
PLOT TO STEAL JEWELS
DURING PLAY!



BUT I TELL YOU I HEAR
THEM SAY THEY GOING TO
STEAL VELLY PLECIOSUS
JEWELS FROM
STAGE!

STOW IT, BUDDY! I'M NOT
FALLING FOR THAT GAG!
AND EVEN IF THEY TRIED
IT, THEY'D NEVER GET AWAY
WITH IT! NOW SCRAM!

CASTING

REHEARSAL
TODAY
2 P.M.

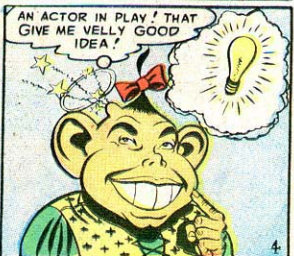


NO USE! IS VELLY DIFFICULT TO
CONVINCE AN OBSTINATE FOOL!
AH... HERE COMES
COUNTRYMAN!

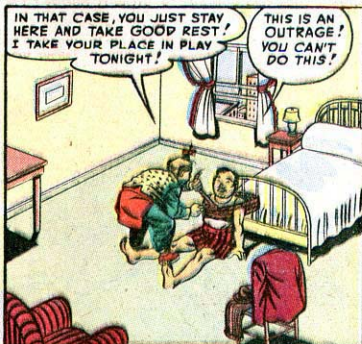
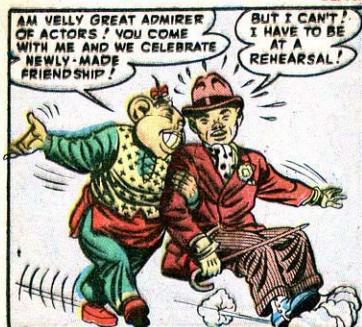


WHAT YOU DO HERE,
MY FRIEND?

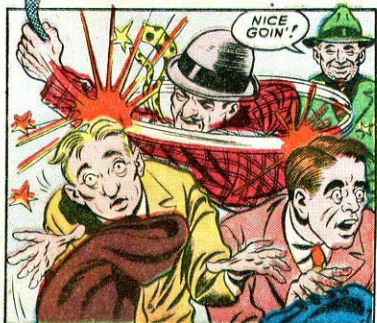
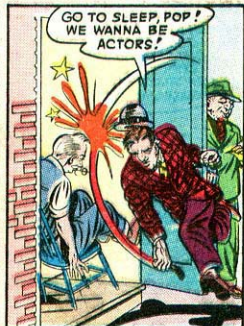
I'M AN ACTOR IN THE PLAY!
MY NAME IS TOM WUN!
WHY DO YOU ASK?



AN ACTOR IN PLAY! THAT
GIVE ME VELLY GOOD
IDEA!









Of MEN and MURDER

BBLACKHAWK'S first glance at Lordsville was cursory but it took in more than one would have suspected. What he saw was a sprawling little city of fifty thousand in a cup of bare, scarred hills. Mine tipples spouted ugly smoke. The buildings were drab with it.

Lordsville looked like a city with a curse on it. And that's exactly what was wrong with it.

Blackhawk dropped a nickel in the telephone slot and dialed his number. A voice answered.

"This Caleb Lord?" he asked.

"Caleb, junior. Who's talking?"

"Blackhawk. Your father wired me two days ago—"

"Oh, yes," said Junior. "Can you come on out? Dad is waiting."

"Right." Blackhawk hung up the phone and stepped out of the hotel lobby. A taxi pulled up and he got in, directing the driver to the Lord residence.

The ornate front door swung open before he had a chance to push the bell. A tall, pasty-faced individual nodded and held wide the door. Blackhawk stepped inside. The pasty-faced individual led him to a wide stairway and pointed upward. "First door on the right," he said, and padded down the hall.

Blackhawk went up and turned in at the open door. The room was a big den-like affair, its walls lined with books. A vacant desk stood at one side. After a moment a huge old man, with purplish face propelled himself into the room in a wheelchair.

"Hm," said the old man. "You this here Blackhawk? Sit down. I'm Caleb Lord."

Blackhawk sat. "I've heard about you," went on the old man in a harsh voice. "If you're half as good as they say, you're my man."

"The job," said Blackhawk with a tone of irritation. "I came as soon as I received your wire."

Caleb waved a pudgy hand. "Not so fast, lad. You'd better get this first: this is my town. Built it from scratch. Own everything in it. There's a certain faction, however, that's got powerful since the war. Aim to push me out. I ain't pushin'. I want this mob cleaned up. That's where you come in."

The phone rang. Old Caleb picked up the receiver and said yes. "When?" he yelled.

"Where?" The purple left his face as he hung up the instrument. "My son," he said, "was just found murdered—riddled with bullets."

"Your son," exclaimed Blackhawk. "Why, I just talked to him a few minutes ago. Here."

The old man nodded. "Yeah. He left the house for his office . . . those dirty rats rubbed him out."

"You mean," said Blackhawk, "this mob you've been telling me about?"

"Who else?" barked the old man. "He was running my papers, putting on a reform platform. I told him—" The old man caught himself. "Well, that is your first job. Find my son's murderer. Now git!"

Blackhawk blinked. Caleb Lord shoved his chair out of the room. Blackhawk found his way downstairs and out the door. Just like that. Not much to go on. Oh, well, he had tackled worse jobs.

He was striding along toward his hotel when a foreign voice spoke: "Ah, Blackhawk! I hope you weel not mind, yes?"

"Andre!" gasped Blackhawk. "You here. No, don't mind at all. Where are the others?"

Andre grinned, but didn't answer.

Blackhawk chuckled. "Not far away, I'll bet! I'm going to look into a murder. Be around, eh?"

The Frenchman nodded and vanished down an alley.

Young Lord had been shot not far from Blackhawk's hotel. He saw the crowd around the fallen body and made his way there. Bullets had made a sieve of the man's chest. Blackhawk buttonholed a hard-bitten character looking on.

"Know who did it?" he asked.

The man looked him over slyly. "Who ya suppose, bub? Th' Boss, o' course."

"The B—" Blackhawk caught himself. He'd best find out a few things first. He spent the rest of the day trying, not getting very much. The townsfolk all seemed to be under a spell. Each man distrusted the other. "The Boss" apparently had a mighty hold on the town. Who was this Boss?

As Blackhawk stepped into his hotel room and snapped on the light, bullets shattered the window across the room and sprayed the woodwork around his head. He slammed to the floor.

and hurled his gun at the overhead light. The globe shattered and the room was in darkness. He lay waiting for a while, then cautiously dragged himself to the opposite window. The roof of a higher building was across the alley. Someone had crouched there and blazed away at him when his light came on.

He called the management and ordered his room changed to one not so easily offering a target.

The phone rang as he got settled in the new room. A voice, strangely disguised, said, "You, Blackhawk, listen. Get outa town or you'll be a stiff by tomorrow night. Get it?" The connection broke.

"Hm," said Blackhawk. "That must've been the Boss. Evidently means business." Blackhawk sent a secret call for his men. In a short time all the Blackhawks were crowding into his room—Olaf, Chuck, Chop Chop, Stanislaus, Andre, Hendrickson. All packed a grin, hoping there would be battle.

"What have you lads found out?" Blackhawk asked.

Olaf said: "Aye ban check on a mobster name of Pete Sweeney. He runs the aluminum plants. Seems his factories are making nothing but bombs."

"Bombs?" exclaimed Blackhawk. "What for? The war is over."

"That's just it," said Hendrickson. "I've gone through several of those plants. They're piling up a vast quantity of bombs—tiny, powerful bombs of magnesium, which is easy to get in aluminum manufacture."

"They're planning," said Chuck, "a sort of war on some other political faction. Pete is a hireling of The Boss, whoever he is. Someone else wants control of the city."

"Yeah," tossed in Stanislaus. "This other crowd is going to mob the aluminum plants this afternoon. That information cost me a wad of money, Blackhawk." He grinned.

Blackhawk said, "Well, so far, we hardly know where we stand. Old Caleb Lord won't talk. No one will talk. The only thing we can do is try to prevent wholesale murder. I guess you boys had bet—"

A whistling noise caused the men to whirl. A glinting object hurtled into the room through the open window. Little Chop Chop, near the window, with a lightning leap, caught the object and with a "Whee-ee!" sent it outward. Almost instantly there was a terrific flash of fire, a great roaring, and the Blackhawks were hurled to their knees by the concussion of the blast. Part of the hotel wall cracked inward.

"Whew!" said Blackhawk, gathering himself up, "that was a close one. They mean business,

all right. Good work, Chop Chop," he said, patting the little Chinaman's back. "Nice catch."

"Me catchum plenty fast," grinned Chop Chop.

The hotel was in an uproar as the Blackhawks made their way downstairs and into the lobby. A lot of damage had been done by the explosion. Police were everywhere, questioning.

"We haven't much time," said Blackhawk on the street. "Pile into your planes and give the whole city a shower. It's the only way. Afterwards we'll try to sort out the truth here." The Blackhawks parted.

Immune to what was coming, Blackhawk made his way toward Caleb Lord's mansion at the edge of town. His planes roared over as he pressed the bell button. In the distance there began a thudding of machine-guns and the deeper bellow of bomb blasts. Then sudden silence. The tall, dead-looking man opened the door, then swayed and crashed to the floor. Blackhawk smiled as he hurried upstairs.

Old Caleb sat in his chair, asleep. Blackhawk pushed a vial under the man's nose. He awakened almost immediately.

"Now," said Blackhawk. "You'd better talk. Your city is sleeping for an hour or so, while my men find out a few things. I know this, the governor of this state ordered a clean-up here. You're against it. That's because you're the so-called 'Boss.' Well, your dirty work ends now. Corruption and gangsterism ends in Lordsville. The Army is on its way to take over. Care to talk?"

Caleb Lord blinked hate. "So you put the city to sleep, eh? That's some of your danged magic I've heard about. All right, you've got me. Yes, I'm the boss. But a new crew has been muscling in. I don't know 'em."

"I do," said Blackhawk quietly. "The new crew is mine. They had to look and act like crooks, but they're not. They're decent, law-enforcing men. What was your racket, Lord?"

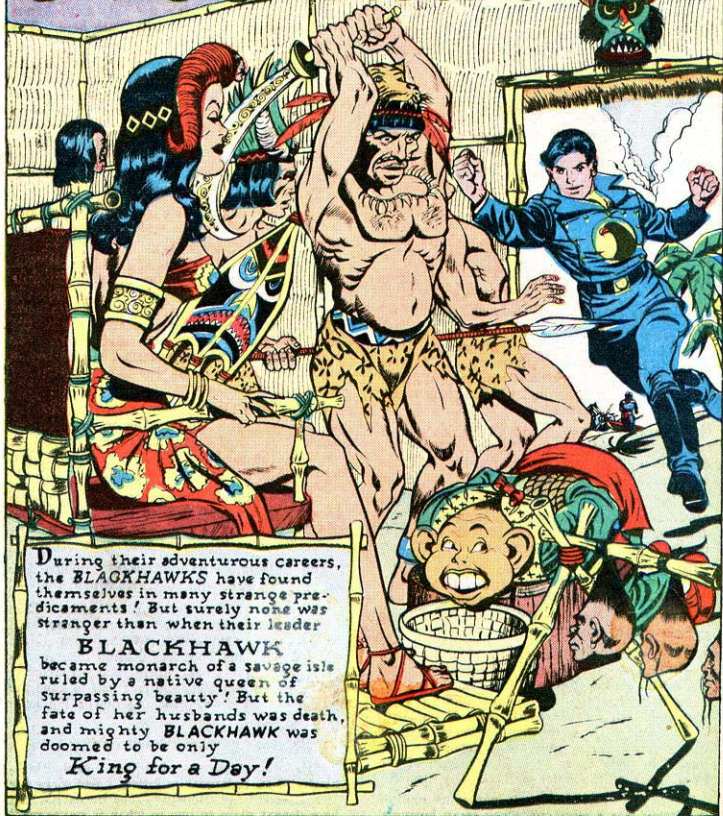
Old Caleb knew he was licked. "Bombs. For an uprising. A certain government paid well—"

"I know," interrupted Blackhawk. "That certain government is also stopped. There will be no third world war, Lord. And you didn't have to wire me. That was a blind to cover up your own dirty work. Uncle Sam ordered me and my men here long ago. We had to have the goods on you before cracking down. We have it."

"My son," wavered the old man.

"He was doing our bidding," said Blackhawk. "You ordered him killed. I feel sorry for you. Greed. Hate. Money. Maybe Lordsville will be a decent place to live in when it wakes up."

BLACKHAWK



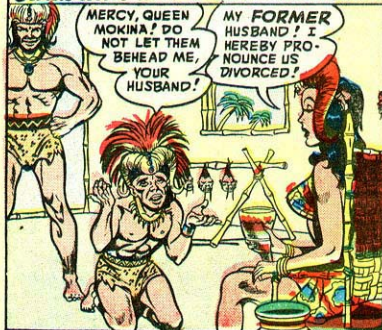
During their adventurous careers, the **BLACKHAWKS** have found themselves in many strange predicaments! But surely none was stranger than when their leader

BLACKHAWK

became monarch of a savage isle ruled by a native queen of surpassing beauty! But the fate of her husbands was death, and mighty **BLACKHAWK** was doomed to be only

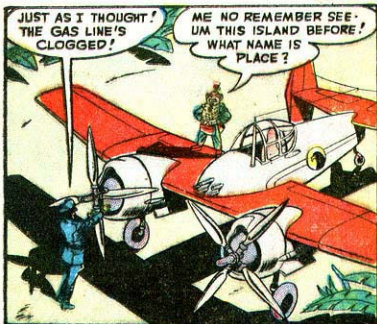
King for a Day!

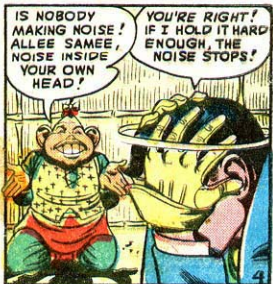
On the little known island of Jombore...

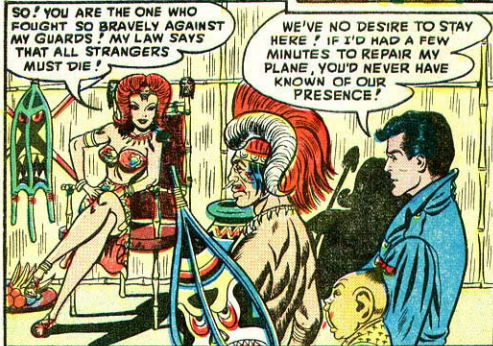


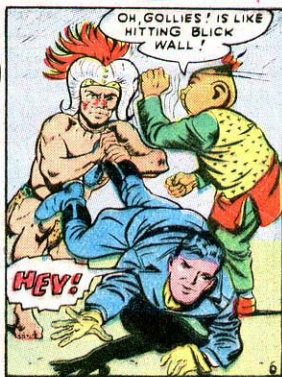
At this moment, Blackhawk planes approach the island's north shore!



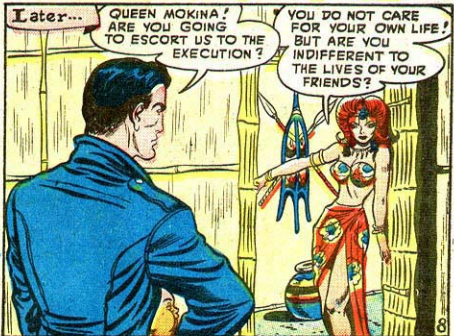
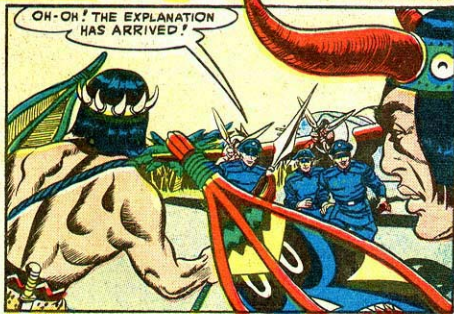


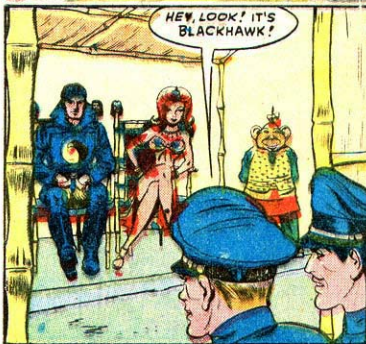
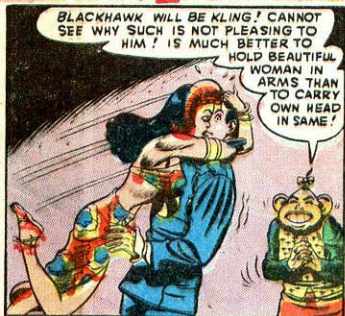






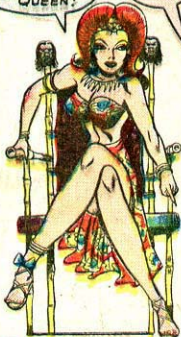






FALL TO YOUR KNEES! THAT IS HOW SLAVES ENTER THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN!

HUH? WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?



I HAD TO DO IT! SHE WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU, IF I HADN'T AGREED TO BECOME KING!

YOU...YOU MEAN YOU'RE MARRIED... TO HER?



THE ACTUAL CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE AS SOON AS THE HIGH PRIEST CAN OFFICIATE! BUT MOKINA SAYS SHE'S MADE ME KING ALREADY!

TO YOUR KNEES...OR YOU WILL REGRET THIS INSOLENCE!



HAKDAR IS KING! DEATH TO ALL PRETENDERS!

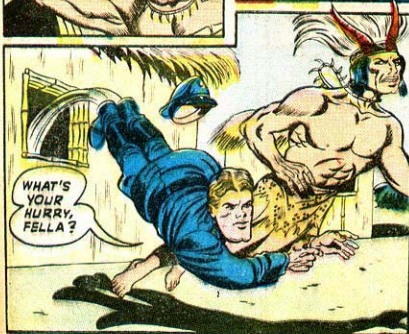


WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

I'LL GET HIM!

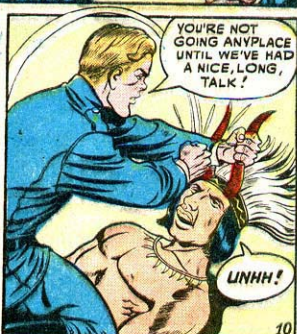


WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, FELLA?



YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE UNTIL WE'VE HAD A NICE, LONG, TALK!

UNHH!





BY GAR, I HIT HIM TOO HARD! HE WON'T COME TO FOR AN HOUR OR SO!

ANOTHER OF HAKDAR'S SPIES! THEY ARE EVERYWHERE!



WHO IS HAKDAR?

HE CLAIMS TO BE THE RIGHTFUL KING, AND THERE ARE SOME WHO FOLLOW HIM! THE REBELS HIDE IN THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE MY LANCERS CANNOT FIND THEM!



HMMM!

HAKDAR WAS MY FIRST HUSBAND AND A JEALOUS MAN! BUT YOU WILL PROTECT ME FROM HIM! I AM NOT AFRAID WHILE YOU ARE HERE!



MY QUEEN, IT IS MY DUTY TO PROTECT YOU! MY FRIENDS AND I WILL FIND HAKDAR AND BRING HIM HERE TO BE PUNISHED!

YOU CANNOT LEAVE ME! THERE IS THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY TO BE PERFORMED! BESIDES, ALL MY EXPEDITIONS AGAINST HAKDAR HAVE FAILED!



WE WILL NOT FAIL, MY QUEEN! A SMALL GROUP MAY SUCCEED WHERE AN ARMY FAILED! I'LL BE BACK WITH YOU BEFORE YOU KNOW I'M GONE!

AND HAKDAR'S HEAD SHALL GRACE OUR BANQUET TABLE! VERY WELL, MY KING! YOU MAY GO!



At nightfall, the Black-hawks sally forth

A NEAT TRICK, BLACKHAWK! SHALL WE FIND OUR PLANES NOW AND LEAVE THE ISLAND?

NO! THAT'S JUST WHAT QUEEN MOKINA WILL TAKE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST!



MOKINA'S A SMART WOMAN! SHE'LL POST GUARDS NEAR THE PLANES! IF WE DOUBLECROSS HER, WE'LL ALL PAY WITH OUR HEADS!

BUT IF WE GO BACK, YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE AS KING!



AFTER ALL, WE WOULDN'T WANT TO KIDNAP THE WRONG MAN!



THAT'S BETTER! WE'LL REMOVE THE GAG WHEN WE'RE SO FAR AWAY THAT A CRY FOR HELP WON'T BRING HIS MEN ON THE RUN!

WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE PRETTY QUICK!



A few miles from Queen Mokina's headquarters...

I SEE! AS QUEEN MOKINA'S FIRST HUSBAND, YOU STILL CONSIDER YOURSELF THE RIGHTFUL KING! APPARENTLY, SOME OF HER PEOPLE AGREE WITH YOU!

SHE SPURNED ME FOR ANOTHER! BUT I STILL LOVE HER!



LEAVE THIS TO ME, HAKDAR! I'VE A PLAN FOR RESTORING YOU TO QUEEN MOKINA'S GOOD GRACES AND YOUR THRONE!



YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY KING! HAKDAR SHALL LOSE HIS HEAD AT ONCE!



MY QUEEN, I BEG A FAVOR OF YOU! LET ME PROVE MY RIGHT TO BE YOUR HUSBAND!



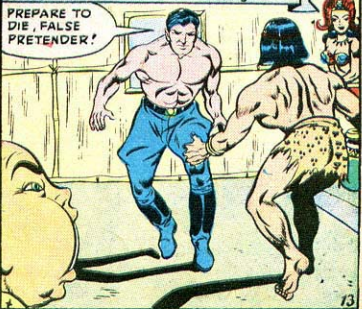
LET ME DESTROY HAKDAR IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH!

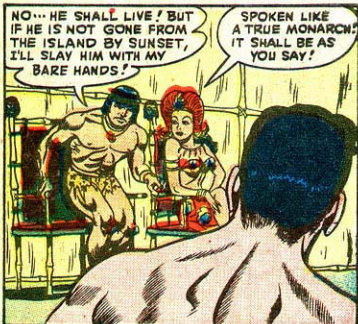
GOOD! DEAL WITH HIM AS YOU DID WITH THE HEADS-MAN!



And so, the battle is arranged...

PREPARE TO DIE, FALSE PRETENDER!





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GIRLS!
HURRY**

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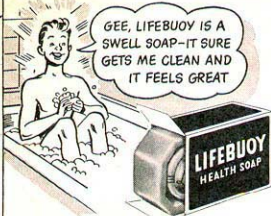


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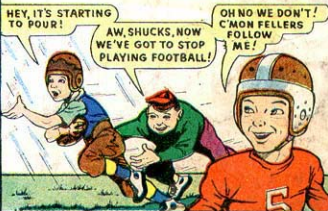
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